

## State Fair

Doug Supernaw

Nineteen hundred seventy three  
My second cousin Calvin and me  
We loaded down his old blue green Corvair  
And headed for the State Fair

Was mid October and the autumn breeze  
Shook the colors out of the trees  
Time was passing but who were we to care  
We were headed for the State Fair

And I remember Calvin reaching underneath the dash  
Pulling out that pack of cigarettes that he kept stashed  
For half the morning we blew smoke rings in the air  
Like two big fat millionaires

It happened way out on route twenty nine  
Some drunk driver came across the yellow line  
Calvin's momma cried and his daddy sat and stared  
Life can sure be unfair

It's been so long since that dark day  
I thought by now I'd have put the past away  
But just this morning I found myself back there  
Going to the State Fair

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